

The Democratic Pioneer.

R. QUILLIN, PUBLISHER.]

VOL. 7.

DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.
OWIN & QUILLIN,
PROPRIETORS.

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RAPE OF ADVERTISING.
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announcements made on favorable terms.

Office corner of Main and Road Street

POETRY.

WHAT MAKES A MAN?

several years, no lengthened life,

pretty children and a wife,

as canes and fancy rings;

such like trumpery things;

the cigar not bottled wine,

party with knife to dice;

not boots, nor yet a hat,

nor yet a trim cravat;

neither land nor golden ore,

the world's wealth in store!

Rev. Sir nor Squire,

either that the memory tire;

crests, traced back to Will-

iam from Normandy to kill-

min, Greek nor Hebrew lore,

and bound volumes rumbled o'er;

age's robe nor mayor's place,

who that deck the royal race—

all entered never can

make a single man.

ful soul, a loving mind,

affection for its kind & free,

firm, erect and free,

ever bely bends the knee;

but bear a feather's weight

any's chain for small or great;

ever makes a league with sin;

the fettors despots make,

ships God and him alone,

nowhere but at His nod;

that fears no one but God;

can smile at curse or ban—

the soul that makes a man.

From the Boston Transcript.

WINTER LANDSCAPE,

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

softly the snowflakes fell

upon the hills, which rose at morn

in their spotless robes as if new

born,

the sun from out the billows' swell.

beams along the sea

in their tracks each cristal drop to

gold;

they downward through the valleys

swathed with glory rock and shrub

and tree.

along the wide-stretched plain,

bold, purely beautiful, the snow,

the sun's richest colors all a-glow,

unredden like to God's first frame.

the forest branches hang

with their chill burden, and the

way

where violets grew in balmy day,

now as the birds that sang.

through the deep wintry blue

above us, living frost descend;

the earth sets her treasures to defend

sweet hours of song and bloom and dew.

ough terrible your reign,

of hail and snow and pale blif

readest us along lifes rougher ways

broad sunlight of the Summer plane!

and thus through sorrows deep.

orn paths and where dark shadows

lie, sometimes grope, but ere the end is

high,

olds are teeming where the heart

shall resp.

that world!

I know not what to do.

Sometimes it is all sunshine

and heaven itself lies not far

then it suddenly changes, and is

sorrowful, and the clouds shut day.

In the lives of the saddest of

are bright days like this, as if we could take the great world

Then come gloomy hours,

fire will not burn in our hearts,

without and within is dismal, cold

and sorrowful, and the clouds shut day.

in the world. I believe every heart has its

opinions, which the world knows

not, and we are a man cold

and only sad.—Longfellow.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1857.

[J. B. GODWIN, Editor.]

NO. 45.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Nashville Union & American.
SUT LOVINGGOOD'S CHIEFT.

For the "Democratic Pioneer."

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

A melancholy truth indeed is this—how much good that may have been secured to ourselves but for the unfortunate exercise of this principle, is lost to us forever, and when we retrospect the past of our lives, we mourn over the spirit that prompted us to delay.

Why, Sut, what's wrong now?

"Heaps' wrongs, down my skin of I faint most dead." "I've off that ar-hoss, George, an' take a harn white like two, (shaking that everlasting dash of his at me,) a plant yourself on that ar' log, an' I'll tell ye of I ken; but it's most beyond the tellin'." I reckon I'm the darndest fool on Utaw, kept my dad, for he aoted, hoss an' I hain't done that yet—ellers in sumpt that endent keep a sleep. I'll drown myself sum ore these days, see if I don't, just to stop a family dispersion to make d—d fools on themsevles!

"How is it, Sut; have you been playing cards, or drinking, which is it?"

"Now, one that can't be done in these parts, but as seen it's you, George, I'll tell you; but I swear, I'm sham'd—sick—sor—, and—mad—mad, I am.

"You know I boards with Bill Carr, at his cabin on the mountain, an' pays for such as I gets when I hev money, an' when I haven't eny, why he takes one-third aro' it outen me in cussin' an' she, that's his wife Bettie, takes out' other two-thirds with the battlin' stick, and the intrust with her tung, an' the intrusts more'n the principal—heap more. She's the eunuchs' offish I ever seen any how fer fu' jay, breedin' and pride. She can sold a blif-ter onto a bull's face rite on the curl is in a strange stable this morning—in adjoining stalls—Fanny in harness and Winnie in blanket—both being in prime order and eager for the oats. James R. Fonds was duly chosen umpire. Quite a large crowd of aduvers of horse flesh were drawn together by the novelty of the match. The excitement ran up to a fever heat, and bets rapidly rose from 'peenies' to fifties. Everyting being in readiness the measures were filled, and the nags' noses were brought to the starting point, and at the word 'go' the oats were doppled into the manger, and the exciting race commenced. On the start both horses for a time kept nose and nose, both working gallantly and coming to time in fine style. Shortly, however, it began to appear that Winnie was leading the mare Fanny, and the backers of the latter began to falter, when suddenly Winnie broke and threw up his head to look at the bystanders. This was an awful moment of suspense for those who had bet their money on the bocktail horse, and, accordingly, they set a terrific shout of "Go in Winnie! Go in Winnie, and win!" Thus urged on, the horse braced in again and went at it in earnest; the mare Fanny, in the meantime, keeping on the even tenor of her way. The oats rapidly disappeared, and the match speedily approached its climax—both being on the square. Suddenly it was announced that the gen'l was coming out just a "handful" o' eat'le ahead of Fanny. Time, five minutes and forty seconds. The crowd dispersed soon after, and when our reporter left, parts were rapidly liquidating their lost bets.

"Well, while I war a' east, she spied out that his shat was stiff an' minty skin; so she never rested till she worn't it outen him that a preparation o' florid did it, an' she got a few particulars about the perccents tu' outen him by 'oman's art—I don't know how she did it, perhaps he does. Arter he left, she sat in and biled a big pot or paste, nigh onto a peck over it, an' souzed in my shat an' let it soak awhile; then she tuck it an' ironed it flat an' dry, an' set it up on its side, again the cabin in the sun. That it stood as stiff as a dry hose, hain't it rattled like a sheet o' iron, it did. It war pasted together all over. When I cum tu' dinner, nuttin' wad do but I must put it on. Well, Bettie an' me got the thing open arter some hard work, she pullin' at one ore the tails an' me it tatter, an' I got it out. Durn the everlastin' new fangled shut, I say. I felt like I'd crawled inter an old keg gun an' hit full o' pisants; but I war like Lawyer Johnson's, an' I stid it like a man, an' went tu' work tu' bitt Bettie a' ash opper. I worked powerful hard an' wet like a loss, an' when the shot got wet it quit its hurtin'." Arter I got dun, I tuck about four fingers o' red head, an' crawled up into the cabin loft to take a snus.

"Well, when I wak'd up I thought that I was dead, but the cholery, far all the jints I evad more were my ankles, wrists and knees—couldn't even uny my head an' skase-wink my eyes—the cussed shut war pasted fast onto me all over, from the pint o' the tail tu' the pinto the broad-ax-collars over my ears. It set me as close as the sun's rays; then I tuck the brithches off an' tore luse from my hide about two inches o' the tail all round in much pain and tribulation. Oo! but it did hurt. Then I tuck up a plank outen the left an' hain't my legs down thru' the hole the nail'd the alidge or the floor before, an' the hind tail I nailed to the plank what I set on. I unbolted the collar and ristbands, raised my hands abu' my head, shut up my eyes, said grace, an' jumped thru' the ground floor.

Here Sut ruminated sadly.

"George, I'm a' durndur fool than ever dad was, Hoss Honest, an' all. I'll drown myself sum ore these days, see if I don't. Well, go on, Sut, did the shirt come off?"

"I—b—i—n—k—I—d—did. I hear a noise outer like tarin' a shingle ruff off a house all at onst, an' felt like my guts an' bones war all that reached the floor. I staggered tu' my feet an' tuck a look up at the shuit. The nail'd all hilt that bolt, an' that war hangin' arms down inside out, an' as stiff as ever. It looked like a map o' Mexico just arter one o' the worst battles—a patch of my hide about the size o' a dollar an' a half bill here; a bunch o' my hair about the size o' a bird's nest there; then sum more skin; then sum paste; then a little more hair; then skin; an' so on all over that durned, new fangled, everlastin' infurnal coat over a shirt. It war a picture to look at—an' so war I. The hide, bar, an' paste war about skealy divided between me an' him. Wonder what Bettis, durn her, tho' when she cum home an' foun' me misin'. Specks she thinks I crawled into the thicket an' died ove my wounds. It must av skared her good, for I tell you it looked like the skin o' sum wild beast torn o' alive, or a bag what had kenned a load o' vevs from a shooting match."

LOW NECKED DAZZERS.—An exchange says, in the primitive days of Pennsylvania there was a law which stated as follows:

"That if any white female of ten years or upward, should 'appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, hall-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders, (i. e. low necked dresses,) being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall pay a fine not less than one, nor more than two hundred dollars. The closing paragraph of the law, however, permitted women of questionable character to bare their shoulders as a badge of distinction between the chaste and unchaste."

AMICUS.

True modesty is a flower whose grateful odor endures for ages. False modesty is a weed as poisonous as stramonium, and as deadly, in its ultimate effects, and as prudic acid, distilled from the green and pretty leaves of peach trees.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

Though a man of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron. He had a rare fund of humor, an every-day wit, and with children particularly he loved to chat familiarly and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables.

The doctor inquired if such a tiny thing were a market-man. "No, sir, my father," was the prompt answer. The doctor said, "Bring me in some squashies," and passed into the house, sending out the change.

In a few moments the child returned, bringing back part of the change. The doctor told him he was welcome to it; but the child would not take it, saying his father would blame him.

Such singular manners in a child attracted his attention and he began to examine the child attentively. He was evidently poor; his little jacket was pieced and patched with almost every kind of cloth, and his trousers darned with so many colors it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean within. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, while holding his arms' length and examining his father.

At length he said: "You seem a nice little boy; won't you come and live with me, and be a doctor?" "Yes, sir," said the child. "Spoken like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy with him who wanted to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else. "Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashies, (but no squash himself, as we shall see.) He was dressed in a new though coarse suit of clothes, his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle tied in his homespun checked handkerchief on his arm.

Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor, saying "I have come, sir." "Come for what, my child?" "To live with you and be a doctor," said the child.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him as he recalled his former conversation, and he avowed he felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" he asked. "Yes, sir." "What did he say?" "I told him you wanted me to come and live with you, and he said you were a good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say?" "She said Dr. Bryon would do just what he said. God had provided for me." "And," said he, "I have on a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here is another in the bundle," undoing the kerchief and displaying them, with two little shirts white as snow and a couple of neat check sponns, so carefully folded it was plain none but a mother could have done it.

The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened to see the undoubting trust with which that poor couple had bestowed their child upon him, and such a child! His cogitations were not long. He thought of Moses in the bulrushes, abandoned to Providence; and, above all, he thought

Democratic Pioneer.



N. W. GODWIN, EDITOR.
GODWIN & QUILLIN, Proprietors.

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1857.

First Congressional District
FOR CONGRESS:
DON H. M. SHAW,
OF CINCINNATI COUNTY.

NOTICE

The Pioneer established having been transferred to the hands of new proprietors, it is very important that all old accounts should be settled as speedily as possible. Those, therefore, who are in debt to the office for subscription, advertising or job work are earnestly requested to come forward and make settlement without delay.

25¢ All announcements of candidates for office, must be paid in advance. Our expenses 35¢00 for each.

We are authorized to announce JAMES WHITNEY, Esq., as a candidate for reelection to the office of County Court Clerk for Cincinnati County.

We are authorized to announce WM. E. KANE, Esq., as a candidate for the office of Clerk of the County Court for Clermont County.

We are authorized to announce WM. E. VAUGHN, Esq., as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk for Piqua County.

We are authorized to announce Capt. WILLIAM A. DICKERSON, as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk of Piqua County.

We are authorized to announce JAMES E. LONG, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Clermont County for Clermont County.

We are authorized to announce Capt. WILLIAM A. DICKERSON, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Clermont County.

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THE PROGRESS OF CONSERVATISM.

T. S. M.

For many years, the spirit of fanaticism in the free States, has been advancing with a rapidity so appalling, that the most thorough believer in the capacity of the people to govern themselves as to render perpetual the free government under which we have grown and flourished, has been led to look upon a dissolution of the Union as an event, not only probable but inevitable. From a small and contemptible band of unprincipled demagogues, and pseudo philanthropists, whose element was discord, strife and sectional agitation, the anti-slavery party has increased and multiplied, until they now direct and control the destinies of eleven of the sovereign States of the Union. It is true, that the party now marshalled under the black flag of treason and disunion, professedly differ from the faction, whose leaders were Tappan, Garrison, and such like human monstrosities, yet the result of its success would be identical with the success of their mischievous schemes. Notwithstanding this, the doctrinaires of the old abolitionists were, and are, as repugnant to a large portion of those co-operating with the free soilers as to our selves.

The secret of this course is a misunderstanding of the true issues, an ignorance of the true points of difference between the North and South. We firmly believe that a majority of the people of the free States entertain feelings of loyalty and love for the Union equal to those animating the Southern people; hence the care on the part of the leaders and wire pullers of Black Republicanism, to embellish their speeches, letters and resolutions with professions of unalterable attachment to the Constitution and the Confederacy. To declare their designs, would be to frustrate them, and inflict a death blow upon their future prospects. To retain the support of the people, and keep themselves in power, it is necessary to keep up a show of devotion to the Union, and an anti-disunion sentiment. But, blinded and misled by the Sewards, the Greelys, the Raymonds, Beechers, and the host of others equally as influential, cunning, and unscrupulous, they have linked themselves in an unjust and iniquitous crusade against the institutions of the South. Their natural antipathy to negro slavery, has been made instrumental by the designing knaves and traitorous scoundrels who control the free soil movement, in enlisting them in a war upon the Constitution, and the rights of the States. Thanks to a kind Providence, the intentions of these plotters of treason and general disturbers of the public tranquillity, we believe sincerely, has at last become apparent, and the honest, loyal, and Union loving voters of the North will arise if their strength and crush them beneath the weight of a just retribution.

Since the election of Mr. Buchanan and the explosion of the Kansas humbug, the second, sober thought of the Northern people has been at work, and its fruits are seen in the progress and increase of true conservatism. The scales have fallen from their eyes, and the error into which they were inveigled has become manifest, and a healthy, just public sentiment—that will scatter to the four winds the base vermin that have fattened upon the excitement which they have generated—is springing up in the North. Jassined to produce a harvest of everlasting good.

The evidence of this, is not only found in the result of the recent elections in the free States, but in the tone of the press, and the disposition evident among religious societies to return to that pure evangelism from which they have so wantonly wandered, ejecting the political wolves disguised in sheep's clothing that have disgraced their God and his pulpit.

This is true notwithstanding the recent action of the officials of the American Tract Society and the Presbyterian Assembly. We may argue with glee from the labor of the Monitor, if the first number is a sample of the manner in which it intends to deal with Black Republicanism.

The paper is issued at the low price of 2 dollars per annum. Let Southern people consider likewise.

—DON H. M. SHAW.

The complimentary notices of this gentleman's nomination from the press in all sections of the country, is a flattering commentary upon his standing and usefulness, and the eminent ability with which he has discharged his duties whilst a member of the 33rd Congress. The deserved tribute thus paid to the worth and talents of our candidate, should inspire every Democrat in the District with a renewed energy to labor for his election to the position he has filled so nobly and honorably. From information which we have received from various sections of the District, we believe such will be the result. Our friends are at work zealously at work, and we have every confidence that success will crown their labors.

Business engagements prevented our being present at the discussion between Dr. Shaw and Mr. Smith on Monday the 12th inst., but a friend has given us an admirable sketch of it, to which we refer our reader. Our Democratic friends are more than satisfied with the effort of Dr. Shaw, sustaining himself, as we understand, and he does with the usual force and ability, an exposure of the distribution device of the anti-slavery party.

The appointments of the week were all made, with the exception of the one at the Square Hills. The indisposition of Mr. Smith prevented this, and Dr. Shaw declined to speak.

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